

The TATTLER

and BYSTANDER

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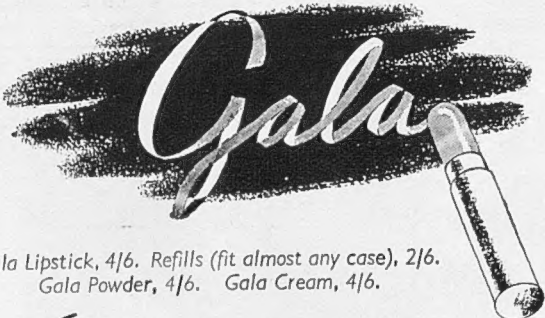
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Air Chief Marshal Sir Sholto Douglas Gets The Feel Of It

Air Chief Marshal Sir William Sholto Douglas, K.C.B., M.C., D.F.C., has recently relinquished the duties he has so ably fulfilled as Air Officer Commander-in-Chief Fighter Command since 1940, in order to take over new duties as Air C.-in-C. Middle East. He is already a master of desert air strategy and tactics, for he spent two years in Khartoum. Sir Sholto is a great believer in practical experience. He flew a Spitfire recently in order not to be outdone by the Under-Secretary for Air, Captain Harold Balfour, and above he is seen experimenting at the controls of a glider when he visited the No. 2 Eastern Command Gliding School, near London. Watching him on tiptoe, and as interested as her husband in the machine, is Lady Sholto Douglas, the former Miss Joan Leslie Denny



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Warning

THOSE few people who have raised their voices warning us to beware of the possibility of an attempted invasion of this country by Hitler are, in my opinion, absolutely right. In his extremity, Hitler might do anything, and it behoves us to be ready to meet any emergency. The days of danger are by no means over. While we are occupied down in the Mediterranean, Hitler may calculate that he can divert our attention and dislocate our war effort by a series of well-aimed blows. He might conceivably try to land paratroops; or make a diversion somewhere on the coast. Anything of this kind would suit his purpose at this time when he has lost the main initiative and must improvise to encourage his people in the belief that all is not lost. Of course, this country is too strongly defended for him to make a major invasion attempt, nor has he the forces at his disposal for this purpose. But I believe that it would be prudent for the authorities to take all necessary steps to meet what some people seem to imagine is a danger of the past.

Final Throw

OBVIOUSLY, Hitler is not sitting back waiting for the United Nations to attack Germany. He believes in offensive tactics, and as he nears the time when he must make the final throw we must be ready for developments at any point. There's a lot of speculation about what would happen if Hitler seized the Balearic Islands in order to establish air bases to hamper our supply lines to North Africa. What would the Spanish Government do? They might appeal to the United Nations for support to resist

Hitler's occupation. On the other hand, they might prefer to let these islands go rather than be involved in the struggle. The latest indications are that Hitler is more concerned at the moment with the position in Italy. Signs of the disintegration of Italian morale increase. So there is every reason why Hitler should first strengthen this weak point before attempting any other move. At one time there were definite signs that he might withdraw all his forces from Tunisia to the Italian mainland, using Sicily as an advanced air base.

Toulon Tragedy

HITLER's occupation of Toulon precipitated a tragedy which will live long in naval history. This great sacrifice made by brave men has done more to revive the soul of France and respect for France throughout the world than anything else. Even Admiral Darlan receives some reflected glory from the funeral pile. French sailors fulfilled an oath which Admiral Darlan himself made in the early days of the Vichy Government. He then declared that the French Fleet would never fall into Hitler's hands. Laval seems to have been caught napping in this instance, for he must have been aware of the orders in the possession of the French naval commanders. Perhaps the significance is that these orders were never countermanded.

Why did Hitler occupy Toulon? It may have been a trick to divert attention, or it may have been by force of necessity. Genoa having been bombed so badly he was in need of a port like Toulon. On the other hand, he may have argued that the time was ripe to force the issue of the French Fleet to a final conclusion, other-

wise the ships would sail to North Africa and there strengthen the position of the United Nations.

If this is the true explanation, it is conceivable that Hitler knew the ships would be scuttled and decided that this was the best he could expect. Apart from the glory the incident bestows on Frenchmen, in which we rejoice, it is a fact that the United Nations are actually the losers. Hitler could not have adapted the ships for his use for many months; with the help of the Fighting French we could have used the warships almost at once.

Washington Visit

I HOPE that General de Gaulle finds it possible to visit Washington before very long for a talk with President Roosevelt. Such a meeting would be of immense value to the cause of the Fighting French and to the relations which the British Government have tried to foster on behalf of General de Gaulle. M. André Phillippe was lately in Washington and is understood to have impressed President Roosevelt with his accounts of the position in France, and the strength of the de Gaulle movement. In London we have seen the trim figure of General Catroux, the Fighting French High Commissioner in the Levant. I am told that General Catroux came to London to discuss means whereby there could be an early meeting between General de Gaulle and General Giraud. In these three fighting men the France of the future has reason for faith and courage. They are men of staunch character and single purpose.

Aid for China

ON his sixty-eighth birthday eve broadcast, Mr. Churchill showed himself to be sober in success as he was undaunted in defeat. He balanced his speech skilfully between rightful encouragement and wise warning. I thought that the most important passage was that in which he committed Britain to fight on if necessary in the Far East after Hitler had been conquered in Europe. This was a timely undertaking, for in the last few weeks our victory in Egypt and the combined operations in North Africa may have caused some of our friends to imagine that we were forgetting China. Mr. Churchill made it clear that we are not.



Lord Beaverbrook accompanied his elder son, Wing Commander the Hon. Max Aitken, to the investiture at Buckingham Palace, when he received his D.S.O. Wing Commander Aitken already has the D.F.C. and is a famous night fighter pilot and leader of a Beaufighter squadron



Major Gregory Daymond (centre), of the U.S. Army Air Force, left the Palace with two friends, Flight Lieutenant and Mrs. Roland Robinson, after receiving a Bar to his Distinguished Flying Cross. He was the first American to win the D.F.C. in this war

British and American Pilots Decorated at an Investiture

Madame Chiang Kai-shek is in the United States at the moment, and it would be the means of producing still further and closer understanding between Britain and China if the wife of the Generalissimo could come here as Mrs. Roosevelt did and act as personal observer for her husband.

Social Security

SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE is one of the mildest-mannered men I have ever met. His white hair is never in place, but it never looks untidy. His blue eyes are intense but never hard. He is gentle in his speech, but invariably his utterances contain profound truth. In his report recommending a scheme of social security for all classes in this country, Sir William has put a lifetime's experience of Whitehall and Civil Service administration, as well as years of untiring and persistent social investigation. The report is a monument to the man. I doubt whether any man has ever produced such a remarkable document. Most of the 150,000 words Sir William wrote with his own hand. The touches of philosophy which come between profound arguments and involved statistics reveal the wisdom of a statesman. I venture to forecast that the report will become a testament of political faith in all parties in the future.

It may be that all the recommendations will not be accepted. I am sure that Sir William is the last man in the world to assert that the scheme he propounds is perfect. But there is no doubt that by his foresight, energy and knowledge of this country he has erected a signpost to the future.

After the War

RATIONING will continue after the war is over. For how long nobody can tell. The Government decided some time ago that if Britain was to co-operate fully with the United States in the rehabilitation of Europe, the people of this country would have to continue their sacrifices. The announcement of this decision was made by Sir William Jowett, who is in charge of the Government's post-war and reconstruction investigations. Sir William did not bother to enlarge on the reasons for the decision. But there have been discussions for some months now between London and



A Coin for the Prisoners of War Fund

Mr. Winston Churchill gave his contribution on London's Prisoners of War Flag Day to Miss Lumley Smith, a St. John nurse, while Lady Irene Haig, a Red Cross nurse, pinned the flag on his coat. The Prime Minister himself was once a prisoner of war

Washington about the feeding and clothing of the starving and suffering people of Europe. That this should be done speedily and efficiently is regarded as a matter of vital importance. Already these supplies are being stored, and it would not surprise me if ships are not being got ready for the great voyage of mercy when Hitler's doom is finally sealed.

More Changes

THE appointment of a new Viceroy of India, and the creation of a separate Ministry to deal with town and country planning have made it necessary for Mr. Churchill to make more changes in the Government. Apparently,

when Sir Stafford Cripps was transferred to the Ministry of Aircraft Production, Mr. Churchill had other changes in mind but preferred to wait before announcing them. One change, which will involve a by-election in Scotland but no vacancy in the Government, is the forthcoming appointment of Col. Colville as Governor of Bombay. He succeeds Sir Roger Lumley, who has done very good work in India. Sir Roger was House of Commons Whip and then Parliamentary Secretary to Mr. Eden, and it is conceivable that he will seek to return to the House of Commons. Col. Colville was one time Secretary of the Overseas Trade Department and later Secretary of State for Scotland.



A Cheque for Spitfires

Shortly after his appointment as Minister of Aircraft Production Sir Stafford Cripps received from Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands a cheque for £20,000, a gift from Dutch people all over the world: 100 Spitfires have now been provided by the Dutch



Prisoners of War Fund Lunch

Before lunch Lady Louis Mountbatten sat between Admiral Sir Philip Vian, of Altmarn and Narvik fame, and Prince Albert de Ligne, who recently escaped from Belgium. The Prince, who was educated at Downside, is especially interested in prisoners of war, and spoke at the luncheon

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Two Films

By James Agate

YOU remember the beginning to *A Christmas Carol*: "Marley was dead. Dead as a door-nail." But no more dead than is the Victorian Era to the present generation. And why, pray, should the present generation know or understand anything of that long, prosperous, colourful and exceedingly well-mannered age? The bowings and scrapings, the hat-doffings, the gorgeous frocks and uniforms, the measured speech, the intense masculinity of the men and the almost exaggerated femininity of the women—all this, to the hustling, bustling, drab-coloured, casual and slangy youth of today must be indeed as remote as the age of Swift and Pope. Even to a Victorian like myself many scenes in *Queen Victoria* (Rialto) seemed like Very Ancient History. That strange stilted speech, those luxurious beards and whiskers, that autocracy of etiquette—did people ever look and behave like this? And we know very well that they did.

THIS film is an amalgam of two old films—*Victoria the Great* and *Sixty Years a Queen*, of which one was produced with ordinary photography and the other in Technicolor. And here we get both—the usual black and white in the early scenes of the Queen's reign, and then, all of a sudden, Buckingham Palace with all its pageantry in that multichromatic riot which delights so many and maddens me. There are no new shots, so the original acting, incidents and episodes remain unaltered.

It is difficult to write anything new about these old films: they are never quite forgotten, but then they are never quite remembered. One or two scenes, perhaps, such as that

excellent if slightly improbable sequence of Prince Albert proposing a song in the drawing-room while her Majesty is conversing with Sir Robert Peel about the income tax, the Queen's indignation, and her outburst of fury when she discovers the young man still at the piano, and smoking an enormous pipe emitting clouds of smoke as from a railway engine. And the subsequent scene borrowed from Laurence Housman's delightful playlet in the *Victoria Regina* series, when his Highness bids his wife a curt good night and marches out of the room, to be shortly followed by the Queen begging admittance at his door with ever-decreasing majesty and ever-increasing penitence. These remembered scenes were as good as ever.

BUT I thought the later part vastly inferior to the earlier; which I attribute partly to Miss Anna Neagle being made up to look like an old woman so soon after Albert's death that it becomes increasingly difficult for her during the next forty years to acquire any more crow's feet and wrinkles. I thought all this a mistake when I saw the film first, and I am now constrained to utter an, I fear, quite ineffectual protest against so magnificently agile and vigorous a woman being transformed on the instant into an inarticulate dodderer. And surely Queen Victoria always *walked*; she never waddled or tottered: to the very end she held herself as straight as a guardsman on parade. Otherwise Miss Neagle gives us much pleasure, especially as the young monarch, though of course her facial resemblance to the Widow of Windsor is negligible, her hair being red and her face pale, whereas the Queen's hair was

pale but her face resembled a beetroot. Did the director forget her famous rebuke to the painter: "We are redder than that!" Mr. Anton Walbrook is again almost perfect as the Prince, and the other distinguished artists in the cast repeat their distinguished performances.

HAVING viewed *Royalty* in all its pomp and glory in the morning I hid me in the afternoon to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production of *Thunder Rock* (Empire). This is, of course, a version of Mr. Robert Ardrey's play, and with Messrs. Michael Redgrave and Frederick Valk in their original parts. Reader will remember that the play was about one Charleston, a revolutionary journalist, who throws off civilisation in disgust and settles down in a deserted lighthouse on Lake Michigan, where he evokes the ghosts of a number of people who were drowned in 1849. These form a motley crowd—the bass-voiced honest-to-God captain, a discouraged Viennese doctor who has had to leave his native city for daring to use anaesthetics on his patients, his weepy wife and his whiney daughter, a spinster advocate of woman's rights, and a consumptive labourer with an ailing wife who dies in childbirth.

NOT an ideal set for a cheery weekend in the country perhaps, but so excellent is the acting and so intelligent the talk that the time passes quickly and pleasantly in spite of the spate of Shavian dialectics which ensues each time two or more people are left together. Then Charleston gets tired of the ghosts which his own mind has conjured up and bids them depart. They decline, whereupon a long argument takes place as to the terms on which these figments will consent to a second death. The terms are these, and, of course, it is Charleston who has to put them into minds which are only his mind: the world is no darker in 1939 than it was ninety years earlier. For what did the world in 1849 know of Darwin, Mrs. Pankhurst, or Abraham Lincoln? And the conclusion is that just as the old world conquered plagues, political inequality and slavery, so some day means will be found to eradicate the present evils of unemployment, starvation and even war. The ghosts depart.

MEANWHILE we have seen in flashbacks much of the past life of the ghosts. The doctor, harassed by some very nasty types of Austrian physicians, thereafter having his windows smashed, and his daughter cut about her innocent brow; his whining spouse treating us to some of the Sonata Pathétique with a somewhat reckless disregard for note values. The unhappy early years of the spinster who refuses a good match with the man she loves because she has ideas about a career induced by reading feminist literature. Lastly the tragedy of the poor labourer forced to part from his bonny but far too many bairns' and already coughing up his lungs. Only of Captain Basso Profundo, his past, do we hear nothing. But a naval friend tells me that captains in the Merchant Service have no past, and in his opinion, very little future.

AS I said before, the acting is admirable. Redgrave gets every inch out of his part, which is of considerable length; Valk repeats once again his impressive performance of the Viennese doctor; nothing could be more moving than the consumptive labourer of Frederick Cooper, a master of facial expression; and la Mullen is impressive in a glum and gloomy way. If you don't mind a very serious film but one full of philosophical thought, plus fine acting, go and see this film. But if you insist on Loretta-esque lures or Colbertish coquetties, you had probably better stay away.



Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort in One of Their Early Love Scenes at the Palace

"Queen Victoria," which is now showing at the Rialto and Metropole Theatres, London, is really a combination of two earlier films in both of which Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook were starred as the Queen and her Consort. The film is reviewed above by James Agate. Anna Neagle has just returned to this country from America. Anton Walbrook has been hard at work here. He is appearing in "Watch on the Rhine" at the Aldwych and has just completed his most recent film work in Michael Powell's "Life and Death of Colonel Blimp," due for release shortly



Charleston (Michael Redgrave), alone in the lonely Thunder Rock Lighthouse in Lake Michigan, brings to life as palpable and visible shapes, the long-dead victims of a century-old shipwreck. He sees them and talks to them and, for him, they re-live their lives



Two of his "ghosts" are Ellen Kirby (Barbara Mullen) and Robert (Barry Morse). Ellen Kirby has left a wealthy home to fight for women's rights and has been in prison for her beliefs. She is amazed when Charleston tells her of the present-day emancipation of her sex

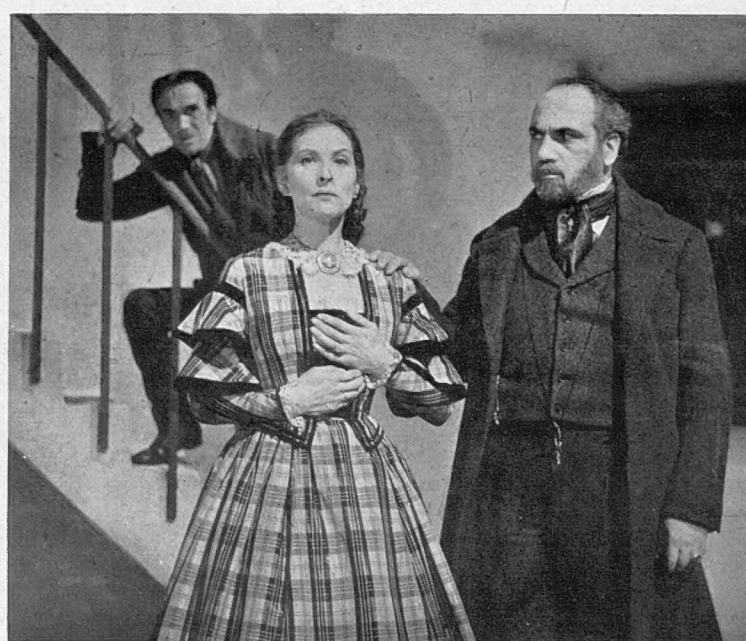
"Thunder Rock" is Filmed

Michael Redgrave and Frederick Valk in their original parts as Charleston, the 1940 Escapist, and Dr. Kurtz, Escapist of an Earlier Century

Just over two years ago, *Thunder Rock*, written by a young American, Robert Ardrey, was produced at the Neighbourhood Theatre in Kensington. Its success was immediate and very soon it was transferred to the West End. The play has now been screened by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and is reviewed by James Agate on the facing page. Michael Redgrave is in his original part as David Charleston, British author and journalist, who takes the post of lighthouse-keeper at the lonely Thunder Rock in Lake Michigan in order to escape a world of which he despairs, and Frederick Valk in his original part as Dr. Kurtz, the nineteenth-century Viennese doctor hounded from his country for using anaesthetics. It is in probing the discontents of earlier escapists, conjured to life by his own imagination, that Charleston finds his own salvation and the faith and courage necessary to face the world and the problems of its civilisation



Mélanie (Lilli Palmer) daughter of a famous Viennese doctor, has suffered because of the advanced ideas of her father, an early believer in anaesthetics. Modern scientific enlightenment is as strange to her as it is to her father



The doctor and his wife (Frederick Valk and Sybilla Binder) discuss the revelations of Charleston. Unbelieving, the poverty-stricken Briggs (Frederick Cooper), who has fled from the squalor of the Potteries, listens to them

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Sadler's Wells Ballet (New)

THE hat trick, rare enough on other playing fields, is even rarer on the stage. And to have pulled off three clear successes running, as Robert Helpmann, the Sadler's Wells choreographer has done, is cause for compliments. His three consecutive ballets—*Comus*, *Hamlet*, and *The Birds*—excel both in substance and style. If, to many good judges, *Comus* (thanks largely to Oliver Messel's lovely decor) seems the most exquisite, and *Hamlet* the most excitingly theatrical; *The Birds*, which has just completed this attractive trinity, may be voted the most capricious.

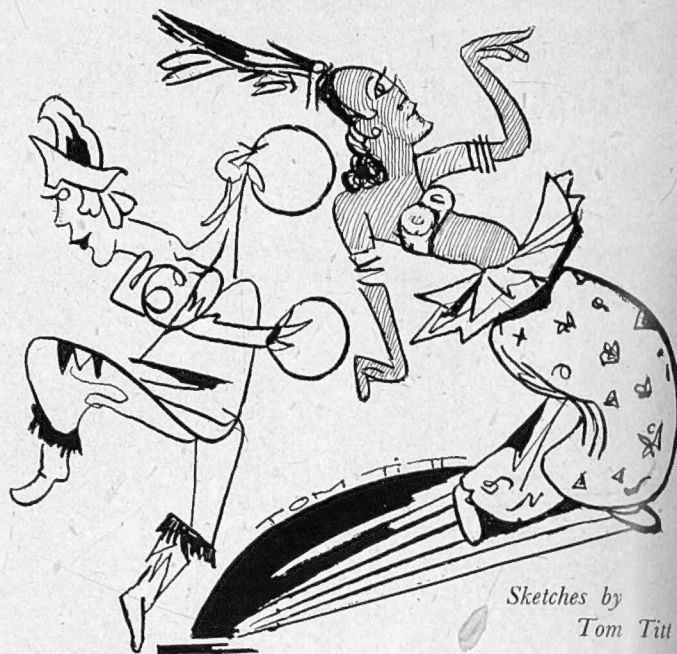
This little charmer, a slighter work than the other two, is modish and pretty; as modish as the moods of period beauty, as pretty as a colour print of the less austere schools. The young Chinese artist, Chiang Yee, who designed the scenery and costumes, has effected a happy compromise between the theatrical and the celestial. His pastoral scene is fabulously horticultural. Its dream-scape trees and flowering shrubs have the charm of a Chinese print, and the bird dancers who haunt its glade, the decorative distinction of rare porcelain. Though endowed with human feelings and failings, their movements conform to ballet conventions, without prejudice to birdlike traits.

The Argument, slight but sufficient, may be nonsense; but it is nonsense of the kind that Æsop, or more particularly La Fontaine, immortalised, and modern choreographers have found inspiring. It may be briefly summarised: a Dove and a Nightingale, true if unusual lovers, arouse the unrequited passions of a Cuckoo and a Hen. The ensuing complications betray the intruders and frustrate

their knavish tricks. True love triumphs, and jealous passion is discomfited. A little chorus of attendant Doves hover in pretty concern, and two interfering Sparrows prove that neighbourliness and nosey-parkerism are not exclusively confined to their Cockney cousins.

This foolish fable is delightfully danced and mimed to sweet airs (after old masters) by Respighi, which remind us that the pre-jazz classics could be both musical and charming. As a modern garnish to this delectable trifle, Constant Lambert has composed a little overture, "The Bird Actors," the bird-song-in-the-green-room motif of which is as cunningly orchestrated as witty.

It is the wise policy of Ninette de Valois, creator and director of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, to give younger members of the company progressive opportunity to shine. On this occasion neither Margot Fonteyn, the ballerina, nor Robert Helpmann himself, were seen in action. Beryl Grey and Alexis Rassine danced the true lovers with excellent grace, and Moyra Fraser especially distinguished herself by her clever miming as the Hen. Here, formalised by art, and amusingly travestied by her sense of fun, were the distraught stare, the transfixed, apparent cogitation, and the abrupt transitions from stupor to greed, and from greed to panic flight, that characterise this harmless, necessary fowl.



Sketches by
Tom Titt

"Bouffon" and "Cafe" in "Casse-Noisette"

"Bouffon" is all Russian and one of the most popular dances in "Casse-Noisette." This season it is performed by Ray Powell. In "Cafe" Palma Nye is repeating her successes in earlier presentations. It is a Danse Arabe calling for slow, sinuous movements and Eastern allure and Palma Nye is particularly successful in this characterisation.

AMONG the shorter modern ballets that give the present season its variety and distinction, *The Rake's Progress* is outstanding. This Hogarthian picture-parable, newly dressed and decorated, has been revived for the first time since its scenery, costumes, and even the musical score, had to be abandoned in Holland when the company was overtaken by the German invasion at the beginning of the war. It is one of Ninette de Valois's most successful creations, and wears very well. Richly sombre in colour, and vigorous in action, it is more truly evocative of eighteenth-century London than the popular powder-and-patch convention, with its fan-fluttering belles and snuff-addicted beaux. Hogarth's spirit and colouring are admirably caught and conveyed by the lively scenes and Rex Whistler's decor. Gavin Gordon's ingenious music, so happily reminiscent of the period, grows on one's admiration; and the Rake is a leading role that Robert Helpmann has made triumphantly his own.

When one compares the present status and quality of the company with its Old Vic infancy, and considers its wartime vicissitudes, the hazardous touring, and the attrition of its man-power by war service, the achievement of Ninette de Valois seems truly heroic. The major Russian classics remain in the repertory; the orchestra under Constant Lambert's direction has become an excellent one; the leading and secondary roles are in some cases brilliantly, and in others most promisingly, filled; and the young cadets make steady progress from the choric offing, so to speak, to the fairway of stardom.

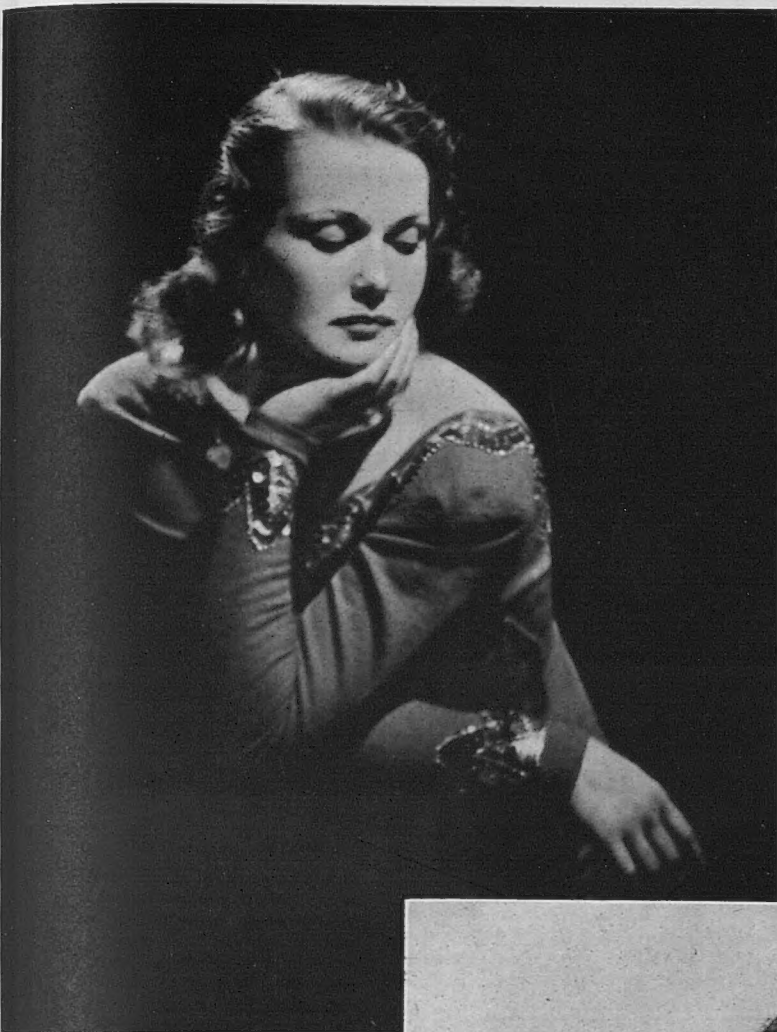


Robert Helpmann Presents His Third Ballet, "The Birds"

To the music of old masters by Respighi, the first performance of "The Birds" was given recently. Beryl Grey is the Nightingale; Alexis Rassine the Dove; Gordon Hamilton the Cuckoo; and Moyra Fraser the Hen. Margaret Dale and Joan Sheldon are the cheeky, interfering little Sparrows. This ballet is reviewed above by Horace Horsnell

Young Talent in the Theatre

Three Clever Girls on the Stage



Harlip

Miss Joyce Heron

Joyce Heron, the girl who spends seventeen minutes nightly in an outsize ottoman impersonating a corpse in "Murder Without Crime," at the Comedy Theatre, manages to combine other very varied interests with really purposeful concentration on her job. She speaks Arabic and French, is a knowledgeable collector of first editions, and has a flair for judging jewellery and its value, acquired, she says, in the Palestine bazaars. Joyce spent four years in Palestine, where her father, Colonel George W. Heron, D.S.O., is Controller of Food and Director of Health



Harlip

Miss Rubina Gilchrist, Principal Girl in Pantomime

Rubina Gilchrist, who has been appearing with great success as Tili in the current revival of "Lilac Time," at the Stoll, is now in Newcastle preparing for the opening of the Theatre Royal pantomime "Babes in the Wood," in which she is to appear as Maid Marion. Rubina has a lovely voice, and when she broadcasts to India, where her father, Colonel Archibald MacGilchrist, I.M.S., is stationed, she always sings his favourite song, "The Eriskay Love Lilt" in Gaelic. Born in Edinburgh, Rubina is the niece of the late Rev. John MacGilchrist, one-time minister of St. Machar's Cathedral, Old Aberdeen



John Vickers

Miss Coral Browne, in "The Man Who Came to Dinner"

Coral Browne was born in Australia and made her first appearance at the Comedy Theatre, Melbourne, where her reputation as a dress designer rivalled that which she rapidly made for herself on the stage. One of her first parts in London was in 1937, when she appeared with Alastair Sim in "The Gusher," at the Princes Theatre. Since then she has appeared in several British films; amongst them "Yellow Sands," with the late Dame Marie Tempest. "The Man Who Came to Dinner," the Firth Shephard production at the Savoy Theatre, which celebrated its anniversary with a birthday party last week, gave her her first really big part in London



At the Opening of the Women's Legion's New London Headquarters

The Women's Legion gave a party to celebrate the opening of their new headquarters, at which Lord Woolton was the guest of honour. Here is Lady Londonderry, President of the Legion, with Lord Nathan



A/S/O. Robert, W.A.A.F., daughter, of Mrs. Marjorie Robert, who commands the Legion's fleet of mobile canteens, and Señor Don Manuel Bianchi, drank a toast together. He is the Chilean Ambassador

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Anniversary Month

It seems as if more royal anniversaries fall in December than in any other month; and though there will be no special public functions to mark them, members of the Royal Family have their private diaries pretty full. First is the Accession anniversary: King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth have been on the Throne for six years on Friday, December 11th. Three days later, on the 14th, the King celebrates his forty-seventh birthday, and although the official birthday celebrations will be held over until June, the family rejoicings will take place on the actual date. Christmas Day itself is a double anniversary, for both the Duchess of Gloucester and Princess Alexandra of Kent have their birthdays on that day; the Duchess will be forty-one, Princess Alexandra, six.

Country Week-End

NEWBURY has become rather like Eastbourne was in pre-war days, since so many schools have moved into the neighbouring district, including such famous "prep" schools as Elstree, St. Andrew's of Eastbourne, and Cheam, to say nothing of several well-known girls' schools. At the week-ends, that famous old coaching inn, "The Chequers," is always full of parents and their children, especially for Sunday lunch. The other Sunday I found Air Commodore Baker taking out his own small boy, also the young son of Major-General John Noble Kennedy, who is Director of Military Operations and Plans at the War Office. The Baker and Kennedy boys are great friends at school—perfect Army-Air Force co-operation in the making! General Kennedy's first wife, who was the daughter of the late Lord John Joicey Cecil, died nearly two years ago, leaving a young family. He married as his second wife, in October, Miss Catherine Fordham, who is Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Helena Victoria. The Countess of Fortescue was also lunching there with her two daughters. Her younger girl, Lady Elizabeth Fortescue, is at school near; the elder girl, Lady Margaret Fortescue, was on week-end leave from her duties in the A.T.S. Other parents I saw were Colonel and Mrs. Nigel Weatherall, who had come down to take their small son out. Colonel Weatherall commanded the 7th Hussars before the war, and is now on the staff. His elder son, Tony, has just gone

to a training regiment, and later hopes to join his father's old regiment.

Elstree School has decided to stay where they are when the war is over, as the school has now had to evacuate for two wars! Their new home is the most lovely house which belonged to the Earl of Falmouth's family. It has the most perfect grounds and playing-fields for a school, and a huge lake, which the boys enjoy skating on in the winter.

And in Town

THE Astor-McNeill wedding brought many people to London. The young Marquess of Blandford lunched, before the wedding, with his two elder sisters, Lady Sarah and Lady Caroline Churchill. The former arrived late to join them, dressed in a smart ocelot coat and a snappy Glengarry made of the same fur. Lady Sarah is one of the young girls who are working hard for the war effort. She is doing full time in the designing office of a well-known munitions factory; with her is Lady Auriel Vaughan, youngest daughter of the Earl of Lisburne. Her younger sister, Lady Caroline, has been doing full-time secretarial work in a hospital for over a year now. She is just finishing her V.A.D. exams., and when qualified will transfer entirely to the nursing side. In this she has the support of her mother, the Duchess of Marlborough, who believes that, while secretarial work may well be done by an older woman, it needs a younger person to fulfil the duties which are being done so ably by V.A.D.s in this war. Scrubbing, cooking, cleaning, as well as nursing, are all in the day's work for these girls, who are doing such wonderful work unostentatiously in the background of the war effort. The Duchess herself is an untiring worker. Besides all her strenuous activities as president of the British Red Cross for Oxfordshire, she is chairman of the Rural Pennies section of the Red Cross Agriculture Fund, which has done, and is doing, such splendid work: already £345,509 has been raised by this section of the Fund alone. Altogether, the Red Cross Agriculture Fund, of which Mr. Richard Haddon is chairman, has raised a total sum in excess of a million and a half pounds to help the Red Cross and St. John War Organisation.

Also lunching in town that day were Lady Irene Haig, looking very neat in her V.A.D.

uniform; Lady Dorothy Macmillan, the Duke of Devonshire's eldest sister, who is the equivalent to a Brigadier in the A.T.S., also in uniform, and accompanied by her daughter; Lady Durham, who was hatless; Lord Andrew Cavendish with his wife, who was the Hon. Deborah Mitford before her marriage last year. After lunch, seeing Mr. John Dewar chatting to friends and wearing a morning coat (he was later to give Miss McNeill, his stepdaughter, away) took one's memories back to the happy day at Epsom when, living up to his nickname of "Lucky" Dewar, he led in his good horse Cameronian after he had won the Derby. It is every racehorse owner's greatest wish to win a Derby.

Wedding at St. Mark's

MISS BARBARA McNEILL made a lovely bride when she married Captain the Hon. Michael Astor at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. She wore a very plain white satin frock with a short train ending in a bow, and a plain tulle veil; she had no pages or bridesmaids. The flowers in the church were glorious, and so original for this time of year, for although they were the seasonal chrysanthemums, instead of being in the usual autumn tints they were the most lovely shades of scarlet, pink, white and yellow, with sprays of bright-blue hydrangea mixed in with them, thus getting the effect of lovely summer flowers on this cold winter's day!

Lady Astor, the bridegroom's mother, wore a fur coat and neat little hat trimmed with a blue-and-red ostrich feather flat on the crown. Mrs. Dewar, the bride's mother, wore one of her favourite large-brimmed felt hats, this time in black, trimmed with a veil and lovely diamond brooch, and a short coat of silver fox fur over her frock. Lord Astor, who earlier in the week had been unable to attend the Thanksgiving Day service at the Mayflower Stone in Plymouth, owing to a chill, was not at the church. His eldest son, the Hon. William Astor, wearing naval uniform, having been very busy as an usher, later took his father's place, and, with Mrs. Dewar on his arm, followed Lady Astor and Mr. Dewar down the aisle after the ceremony.

Amongst those who went on to the reception afterwards in Upper Grosvenor Street (an easy little walk for everyone from church to reception) were Lord Astor's brother and sister-in-law, Major the Hon. J. J. and Lady Violet Astor; Lady Alexandra Metcalfe; Sir Eric Miéville, the King's assistant private secretary, in uniform; Lord Digby, also in uniform, with his younger daughter, the Hon. Sheila Digby, who had on an attractive black halo hat with a scarlet ribbon headband; also the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough's three children, Lady Dorothy Macmillan and her daughter, and the Andrew Cavendishes, all of whom I had seen earlier lunching. Lady Mary Berry, the Earl of Brecknock's only daughter, was looking very

pretty in a summer ermine coat and high-crowned hat, and accompanied by her husband, Flt. Lieut. the Hon. Herbert Oswald Berry. Lady Mary Rose Fitzroy, the late Duke of Grafton's sister, and Lady Lloyd, who is dark and pretty and the eldest of the Earl and Countess of Airlie's daughters; Lady Kimberley, Mrs. Thomas Clyde, Miss Ghislaine Dresselhuys and Mrs. Fitzalan Howard were others there.

Two V.A.D.s having an afternoon off from their duties were Miss Ursula Wyndham and Miss Susan Winn, the younger daughter of the Hon. Lady Baillie by her first marriage. Lady Catherine Ramsden was well wrapped up in a fur coat, as was the Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell, Lord Westbury's mother, who was accompanied by her younger son, the Hon. David Bethell, who is in the Scots Guards.

In London

OUT and about in London lately I met Lady Helen Smith, on her way to a lunch date (she is Lord Rosebery's only daughter, and daughter-in-law of Lord and Lady Bicester). Lady Helen evacuated her small son and daughter to America, with their Nanny, in 1940, and her young stepbrother, Lord Primrose, went with them. Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme, who have just moved into a new flat, were walking through Berkeley Square, which is so improved by the removal of the iron railings round the square; the Master of Sinclair, the only son and heir of Lord Sinclair, was passing through London on his way back from Scotland, where he had been spending his leave; Miss Belinda Blew-Jones was out, giving her tiny dachshund puppy a walk; she is engaged to Sir Charles Wigg's son and heir.

Miss Profumo, elder daughter of the late Baron Albert Profumo, and sister of Captain John Profumo, M.P. for Kettering, was looking very smart in a plain tailored dark-blue coat with brass buttons, scarlet gloves, hatless, but a small scarlet bow in her hair. She is a ferry pilot in the A.T.A. Her elder brother, who is serving with the Northants Yeomanry, does not use his title, which is an old Italian barony. Another day I saw Lady Erleigh with her husband, who was on leave. (Lord Erleigh, who is in the Queen's Bays, won the M.C. while fighting with his regiment in France in 1940). Young-marrieds lunching were Mrs. Peter Kemp-Welch with Mrs. Michael Fox, both of whose husbands are in the Coldstream Guards.

(Concluded on page 312)



Swaebe

Lady Petre and Her Son

John Petre, Lord and Lady Petre's son and heir, was born in April, and takes up a good deal of his mother's time. Lady Petre (Peggy Hamilton before her marriage) works on her husband's farm in Essex. Captain Lord Petre is in the Essex Regiment, and while their home, Ingatestone Hall, is used for war purposes, Lady Petre lives in a nearby cottage. The late Mr. Ion W. Hamilton's, and Mrs. Hamilton's daughter, she appeared on the stage and in cabaret before the war



Two Important London Weddings on November 28th

St. Mark's, North Audley Street, was the scene of the wedding of Captain the Hon. Michael Astor, third son of Viscount and Viscountess Astor, and Miss Barbara M. C. McNeill, only daughter of Captain Ronald McNeill, and of Mrs. John Dewar, of Dutton Homestall, East Grinstead

Air Commodore Reynell Henry Verney, C.B.E., R.A.F. (Retired), second son of the late Rev. the Hon. Walter and Mrs. Verney, married the Hon. Dorothy Tollemache, daughter of Lord Tollemache and the late Lady Tollemache, at St. George's, Hanover Square. With them is Francis Kinsman, the bride's only attendant



There was less mud than usual in evidence at this year's Wall Game, when Collegers beat Oppidans after a lapse of eight years



Lady Fairfax of Cameron was walking in the sunshine with her younger son, the Hon. Peregrine Fairfax. Her elder son, Lord Fairfax, is in the Army



Mr. David Price and Major V. N. Price, himself an Old Etonian, watched the proceedings with Section Officer Jean Donald, a well-known golfer



Mrs. Shaw Stewart was there with her two sons. Besides outdoor attractions, a presentation of a collection of books was made in the School Hall, in memory of Sub-Lieut. Penrose Tennyson, Old Etonian, killed in a flying accident

St. Andrew's Day at Eton

Some of the Spectators at the Annual Wall Game Between Collegers and Oppidans



Admiral Troubridge, Mrs. Troubridge and their son Peter were with another young friend. Dogs were much in evidence at Eton, and seemed to be enjoying themselves as much as anybody there



Miss B. Thompson, in the uniform of the M.T.C., and Mrs. R. T. Thompson had as their Etonian escort Mr. C. Firth



Elizabeth Hobhouse, Paul Hobhouse and Lady Hobhouse were three people enjoying themselves on St. Andrew's Day, to say nothing of their dog



Mrs. David Llewellyn, with her son, wore long boots against the cold. In spite of wartime austerity, there were still some white ties about



Mr. R. G. Spicer, Chief Constable of the Isle of Wight, and his wife, armed with a rug, were escorted round by their only son, Mr. P. G. B. Spicer



Wing Commander Sir Louis Greig and Lady Greig were two of the many visiting parents on St. Andrew's Day. They have one son, seen above leading the dog, and two daughters, both in the Forces

The fourth wartime celebration of St. Andrew's Day, which fell this year on a Monday, was held at Eton on Saturday, November 28th. The time-honoured Wall Game, played in the morning, was won by College after eight years. The final of the Lower Boy football cup, between Mr. B. G. Whitfield's and Mr. H. R. Marsden's houses, and the Field Match in the afternoon, between the School and a combined University side, were other events that drew many enthusiastic spectators



Discussing the proceedings were Major L. Neame, Michael Bendix, Mrs. Neame and General Lund. The General was Deputy Director of Operations at the War Office in 1939



Two more spectators with a son at Eton were Major Nainby-Luxmore and his wife, Richard Nainby-Luxmore is in the centre between his parents



Mrs. Charles Knight was with her daughter, Lady Meyer, and her son-in-law, Sir Anthony Meyer. The Meyers were married in October last year



Miss Anita Royds and Major J. Rowe were photographed with Mrs. Stratton and her son. Mrs. Stratton was wearing the uniform of the V.A.D. Mobile Squad

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

ACHAP talking at large the other day about the early military uses of aircraft didn't even mention the Battle of the Marne (1914), which seems to mark the first aircraft operation of all, unless we err abominably.

Flying one of those quaint soapboxes held together with piano wire, a French Staff officer observed Von Kluck's troops bending back before Paris and confirmed the information which enabled this turning-point to be so well exploited. Before this the pioneer-ace, Védérines, had been dropping French secret agents by air behind the German lines, but the aeroplane had not won, so to speak, its spurs. Sixty miles an hour was the average top speed of those contraptions, and they were unarmed. However, they were swiftly improved on, and some of the Mad Major's later exploits would look respectable enough in this war.

Footnote

VIVACITY among the air boys developed quite early: Your Great-Uncle James will tell you that just before 1914 there was a West End shooting case which thrilled all London. Two of the aviators of the period fought a revolver-duel in a flat. There was a woman in the case, but whether the duel was for her, or whether those boys had been driven generally crazy by having the term "intrepid birdman" applied to them by newspaper gossips of the period, is still an enigma, we believe.

Chatterboxery

SECURITY officers, we gather, will in future keep an eye, or ear, on those brasshats of high rank who think the regulations about careless talk in restaurants and clubs don't concern them.

Long practice in keeping our own dainty trap shut and listening to the babble (which is more fun) enables us to realise that it is extremely difficult for one expert to sit dumb while another expert is performing. If Velasquez, who made an admirable rule at Court of never speaking unless someone asked him something, had found a brother artist and rival laying down the law on Art over dinner at Aranjuez or the Retiro we bet he'd have loosened up, if only to emit a dignified shout of "Fudge!" or "Charlatan!" Similarly with high brasshats, who are only human, little as they may look it, and especially those with steely eyes who keep up the leathery bronze of their skins with secret electrical treatment.

Incidentally, there was a waiter at the "King of Spain" inn at G  nappe who might have lost us Waterloo. Wellington and his Staff had lunched there; late the same evening J  r  me Bonaparte and his Staff supped there. The waiter was able to tell J  r  me that the rendezvous of the English and Prussian armies was fixed at the entry of the Forest of Soignes, and



"M'lud, I have here a witness whose memory is infallible"

that the Prussians would go by Wavre, which seems to show that even the Iron Duke couldn't make his brasshats put a sock in it.

Flashback

DOVER's citizens were recently able, early on a clear calm morning, to gaze over the Straits and see the enemy positions on the French coast, thus adding one more rubberneck experience to their list.

Their most uneasy gaze to date is probably that downward one at C  sar's galleys. Dover cliffs were a great deal higher then (Britain is steadily sinking back into the sea—does Mumsie know?) and we guess the citizens of Dover hardly knew what to say as they craned down at those dark, lean faces scowling up at them from far below. Strangers, eh? Furriners. Up to no good, mubbe? One sees the mayor clearing his throat at length and saying well, he believes he'll be getting back to the office. Little he knows that within a week he will be mistaken for an ape and captured by a bright young centurion to send to a girl in Naples. ("Thank you so much, Publius darling . . . bit Mamma savagely in the leg yesterday and made a sort of formal speech . . . curious chain and ornament round its neck . . . very greedy over turtle-soup. . . .")

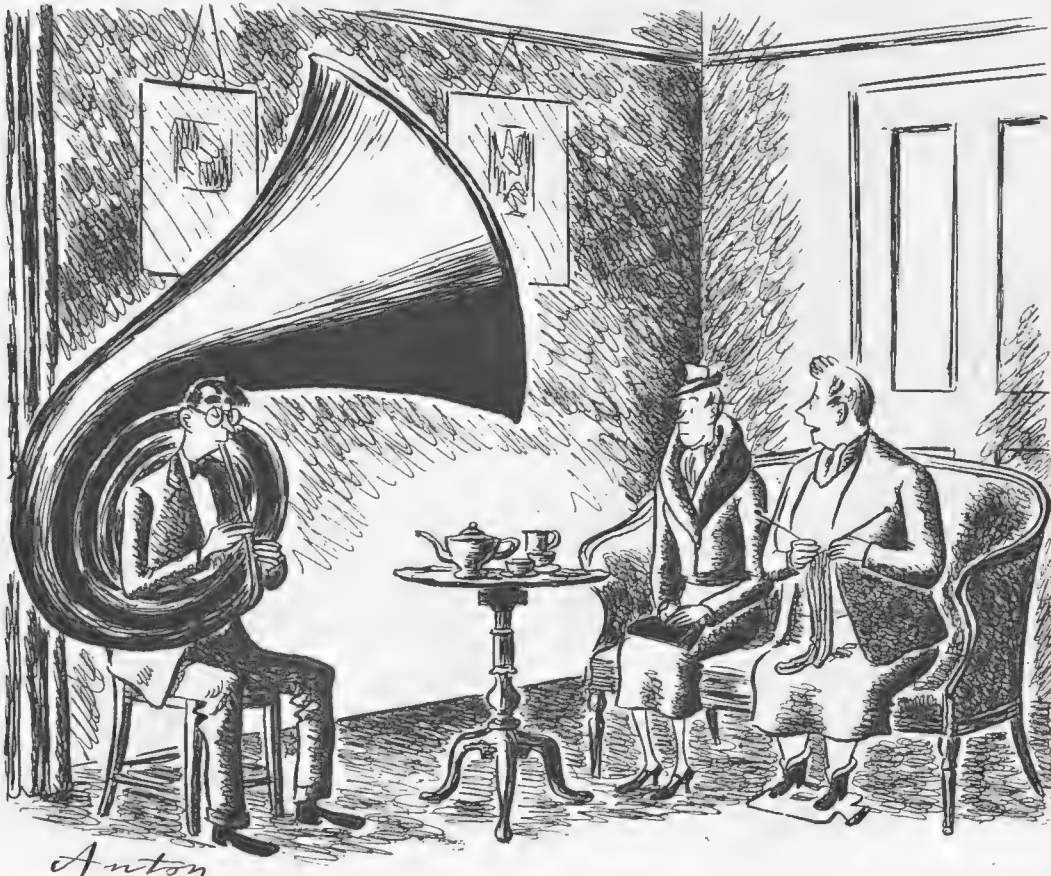
Doubt

SINCE then the Dover citizenry have gazed from their cliffs at various people on the sea who mean them no great goodwill, Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Dutchmen chiefly; each time prepared for trouble, and insisting warmly on the mayor's wearing a bowler hat. But as all Kentish men have tails, owing to their habit of murdering their archbishops, every Sussex man doubts if this precaution will avail. Being taken for apes rankles curiously in Kentish breasts. Those boys ought to live in Bloomsbury.

Mystery

SO innocent are some of the Fleet Street boys of the major issues of life and death that we discovered a gossip last week who evidently had no idea what a "merger" is, though adoring devoutly.

(Concluded on page 302)



Anton

"He can't play it, but it keeps him warm"



Heath Lodge, Home of the Fletchers

Country Interlude

Time Off for the Cyril Fletchers
in Hertfordshire



Cyril and Betty with Their Dogs



Rehearsals are Necessary Even While Resting

Cyril ("Dreaming of Thee") Fletcher, the well-known stage and radio comedian, and Betty Astell, his wife and partner on the scene and air, are both country lovers at heart, and spend as much of their time as their theatrical and B.B.C. engagements allow at Heath Lodge, their charming Hertfordshire home. Here they practise farming in a small way, producing vegetables and foodstuffs besides raising poultry and rabbits, on which subjects Cyril is something of an expert. He was himself brought up in the country, and perhaps it was his love of the "wide open spaces" that helped him to create his famous country character, George Wurzel, who has now become almost a national institution. Between their theatrical engagements, which take them all over the country, the Fletchers give their services helping to entertain the Forces in nearby camps

Rabbits are One of Cyril's Hobbies



Standing By ...

(Continued)

A merger, as we explained some time ago in a series of financial talks in the City, is a kind of sacred dance with mystic incantations, resembling a mixture of the Eleusinian Mysteries and a Voodoo orgy. When the parties are solemnly assembled the versicles and responses begin thus:

MR. HARDBAKE: I have a large business.

MR. GOLDENKRANZ: Sure.

MR. HARDBAKE: You have a large business.

MR. GOLDENKRANZ: You said it.

MR. HARDBAKE: The potential of my gross turnover is to my mean overhead as the direct ratio of unit-promotion-costs to unit-sales-profit at saturation-point.

MR. GOLDENKRANZ: I can see that from the look in those great big trustful eyes.

They then dance into an inner chamber, the doors are locked, and the mysteries begin, nothing being heard by the pale assembly without but a dull intermittent roaring and such agonised cries as "Who doublecrossed Fishy Schmaltz?" and "Come clean, you rat!" The doors are finally flung open, revealing the parties locked in a fraternal embrace, each holding a paper clear of the other's grasp. A final hymn is sung and the assembly disperses. And after *that*, quite often, everybody goes into temporary hiding. Don't ask us why. It's big medicine, strong magic.

Wageslaves

TWENTY-FIVE pounds a month is all the pay highly skilled and relatively educated German spies get, we gather from

the case of a Brazilian booksy boy now on trial. It's still no career for ambitious youth; evidently.

The Germans have never been notable for paying their secret agents decently. Back in the old rococo days of frou-frou and picture hats and green-eyed Titian-haired adventuresses gliding in and out of the Ambassadeurs at Monte Carlo, the novelist boys who exploited their glamour, like William Le Queux, forbore to mention that these sinuous charmers were probably hired for less per week than upper housemaids. (Every time the handsome young Naval attaché with the secret plans blew one of those poor girls to a good supper he was performing a charitable act, and they doubtless ate a great deal.) Having no international trade union, spies have never been able to force up their rates of pay. It's a workers' disability you'd think the Labour Party would have looked into long ago during those jamborees at Geneva. A procession or two down the Embankment with banners inscribed "Spies Demand a Living Wage!" and "Lurkers of the World Unite!" would arouse British public feeling, so far as anything can arouse British public feeling. Coö, Aggie, look! Spies! Garn! They're only advertisin' sumpthink.

It's the moral angle which sticks out most, as usual. No British mother wants to see her girl driven to become a Mata Hari. Write to your M.P. about it, mentioning "Tiny."

Rap

MUSIC critics, who are governed, like hunting men, by rage and fear—you should see them diving under their seats at Queen's Hall when a free fight begins—seem to be getting more and more peevish about the brass, and the trumpets especially. "Rough" or "woolly" is their constant cry nowadays, we observe.

Public feeling has been strong enough against trumpeteers from time immemorial without this nagging. Those of our little readers who are members of the Fifth will readily remember the trumpeter Misenus in Virgil, who annoyed the sea-gods so much with noise that they drowned him. In modern orchestras the horns, trumpets and trombones are so placed that the conductor can get them easily with a left-to-right burst when things look nasty. The perverse Wagner deliberately created long passages of hellish uproar enabling them to blaze away like mad and enjoy themselves. Berlioz likewise, in places, also



"The 1929 crash took everything she had"

Moussorgsky—they have a grand time at the end of the forest scene in *Boris Godounov*—and of course Purcell indulged them wilfully as well. But only rough, noisy girls fall in love with brass players, who generally marry hockey half-backs, and you never find a French horn at a Kensington party; not because it's a tremendously difficult instrument, or because it coils round its owner like a python and terrifies well-bred girls, but simply because it drowns conversation, and what conversation.

Bonze

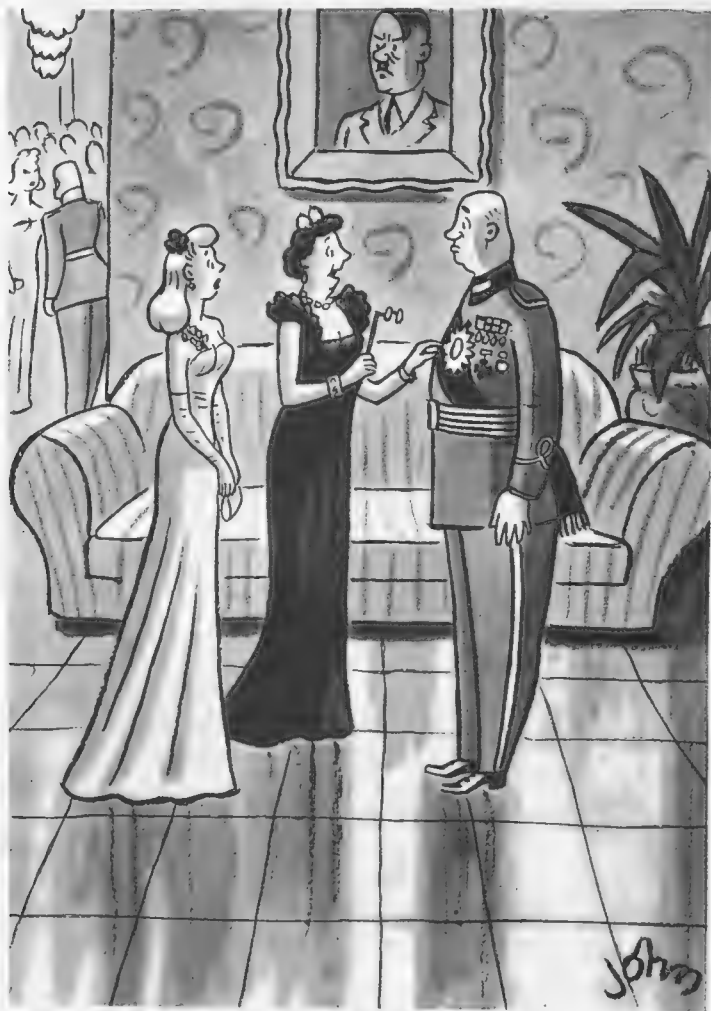
DR. FRANK ("Thank-God-for-men-like-Adolf-Hitler") BUCHMAN has been traced by sleuth reporters at last to Saratoga Springs, N.Y., where he is recovering from illness, after avoiding the spotlight for several months. There is a lesson for our big boys in this, unless we err.

Contrary to general belief, the Doctor (a chap assures us who once travelled to the East in the same liner) is not an aggressive type. Surrounded like a shrewd, spectacled Middle West Buddha by a little group of breathless disciples, he exercised no dictator-power on this occasion except to issue a sort of typed royal proclamation, ukase, or mandate on leaving the ship to advise some Oriental potentate. He exacted no obedience from the tides or the heavenly spheres, though it seemed to be understood in his entourage (this chap says) that the Cosmos was well aware the Doctor would stand no darned nonsense. Since America declared war on the Axis he has been modestly silent and elusive, though doubtless indignant at the hostility shown to such eminent Buchmanites as Himmler.

Difference

COMPARE the absurd vanity of some of our leading booksy boys and world-planners, who would be still ordering the stars around and posing for the photographers when the dicks arrived. True power goes with true modesty, and we needn't quote the case of our old mentor and idol James ("Boss") Agate, who really can make the tides go in and out at Southend, though his friends forbear to mention it. It's just a trick, they agree.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"But Herr General, this one says, Leipzig Fair, 1927, for marmalade"



Gardening

Author and Oxford Don

Lord David Cecil with His Son



Jonathan Hugh Cecil and His Father



Lord David Cecil at Home

Lord David Cecil, younger son of the Marquess of Salisbury, distinguished author and Fellow of New College, Oxford, married in 1932 Miss Rachel MacCarthy, daughter of Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, the author and critic. Their son, Jonathan Hugh, was born in 1939. Lord David won the Hawthornden Prize in 1929 with his first book, *Life of Coeper*, and has since written other biographical works, including those on *Sir Walter Scott*, *Jane Austen* and *Thomas Hardy*. He was previously a Fellow and Tutor in English at Wadham College, Oxford, and is a Trustee of the National Portrait Gallery. Lord David's elder brother, Viscount Cranborne, Leader of the House of Lords and former Secretary of State for the Colonies, recently replaced Sir Stafford Cripps as Lord Privy Seal.

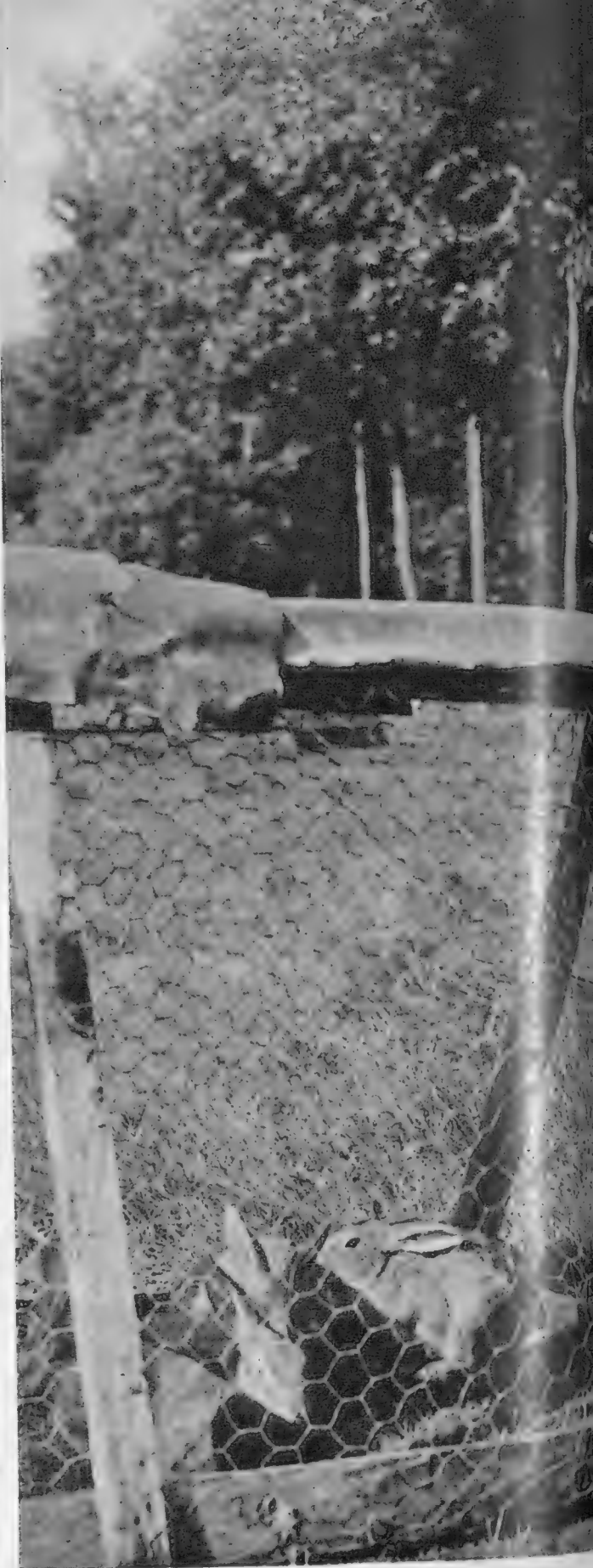
Photographs by Pictorial Press

Bigger and Better Rabbits

Raised at Arundel Castle by the Duchess of Norfolk, Aided by Her Daughters



The Duchess of Norfolk holds Sarah the rabbit, who is called after her youngest daughter, while Lady Anne and Lady Mary Howard, her two elder daughters, keep guard



The Founder of the Arundel Rabbit Club

The domestic rabbit, as a valuable food factor, has come into its own again in this war as in the last. Last February the Duchess of Norfolk started the Arundel Rabbit Club with eighteen members; now there are 130, owning between them 263 breeding does, and their activities cover the whole of Sussex. The Arundel Castle rabbits receive devoted attention from the Duchess's two elder daughters, Anne and Mary. Their small sister, Sarah, one year old, does not appear in these pictures, but gave her name to one of the rabbits,



Club and Some of its Members

white one, and a great favourite with the children. The Duchess of Norfolk herself takes a keen interest in the Club she founded, which is, however, only one of her very many wartime activities. Besides being Vice-President of the Red Cross, and a W.V.S. organiser, she is Commandant of the newly-formed Girls' Training Corps, and the organiser of West Sussex Rural Pennies. The only daughter of Lord Belper, she married the Duke of Norfolk in 1937. Her husband became Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture last year



Anne and Mary Howard Treat Sarah as One of the Family



"Said the Rabbit: 'Eating Greens is Just a Habit'"



Loading Tanks for Russia

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

This operation evidently is not as simple as it sounds. Somehow the wire tackle has got fouled and a stevedore is trying to improve matters with a capstan bar. On deck the guy rope steadying the tank inboard has run amok on the winch-barrel, making corkscrew turns through the hands of the bald-headed stevedore in the foreground, whose mate, the driver of the winch, is much concerned. The tank has been pulled violently across the deck, crashing into the hatch combing and causing general despondency and alarm among all hands

London Show Girls on Show

A Page from "Wild Rose"
at the Princes Theatre



Working by Night and Day

Rosemary Chance spends her hours off duty from the theatre at a London hospital, where she is a part-time V.A.D. Twenty-five years old and 5 ft. 10 ins., Rosemary is also a photographic and clothes model. She was one of the eighteen girls chosen to display the British fashion collection at Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro in April 1940. She is a niece of the late Lord Willingdon, one-time Viceroy of India

Studio Portraits by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Gillian Carpenter, nineteen years old, is 6 feet. Immediately prior to the outbreak of war in 1939, she was a teacher of dancing and instructor in health and beauty routine. She made her first appearance on the stage when fourteen years old

Tina Robinson thinks she is the tallest show girl ever; she is 6 ft. 1 in. in height. Tina was a photographic and dress model before the war, but she sings and dances well. Twenty-three years old, Tina's ambition is to go to America

Joan North is making her first stage appearance in "Wild Rose." Twenty-five years old and 5 ft. 10 ins. in height, Joan hopes to go on the legitimate stage in the near future. Dudley-Marcus is giving her daily singing lessons

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

What a Good Jockey Always Does

AND no matter what some very bad judges have said, it is quite obvious that we have got the right coachman up on our horse in the Libyan Grand Nash. For what is it that "Cardinal Wiseman" does when he sees the only one left standing that is of any consequence, begin to go through the tops of them, and perhaps indulge in a nasty peck and a slither on landing? Why this: crack on, go upsides with him, cart him along, and give him no time to get balanced again. How many lengths cannot "Cardinal Wiseman" steal if he keeps his eyes skinned and makes the most of the valuable asset of his own landing galloping, when the other chap has sprawled all over the shop, and will need at least a dozen strides before he gets properly balanced again! The main thing is to give the enemy no time, to compel him to go the wrong pace or to resign the contest. No one at the same time is such a silly ape as to imagine that, because the enemy has made a bad blunder at one particular obstacle, recovery is not possible. Why, there's many a horse has been as near down as to have to use his nose to get up again, and has taken a Hades of a lot of beating. Admittedly, in such a case, every ounce on his back, bar the weight-cloths, has been first-class horseman, and the jockey on our badly-winded adversary is a long way off being that—in fact, only about 3 lb. above "chalk" class—but you never know! Butcher-boys win races sometimes!

The Last "Cornet"

IT has nothing to do with the last trump, or, in fact, with any musical instrument, but with the cavalry guidon and the officer who carried it. The guidon was called a cornet, and, in fact, means that same, and it was only later on that the young officer who carried it was called a cornet, a rank which survived, I think, longer in the Household Cavalry than it did in the Line, and "cornet-of-horse" was as familiar

a term as "corporal-of-horse," who, in the "Tins," is of equal rank to a full sergeant in any other horse regiment, or was, I suppose one should say, for horsed cavalry have disappeared entirely from the British Army, and survive only in the Russian, German and Hungarian ones. According to an interesting cutting from the *Leicester Mercury*, which has very kindly been sent to me by a correspondent, Major H. H. Robertson-Aikman, who was born in 1866, is the last surviving cavalry officer to have borne the title of cornet. He used to be very well known in the grass countries and in other hunting demesnes. I see our contemporary says that he was in a Dragoon Guards regiment; but this is not so, for he was in the Royals. Here, however, is that most interesting and otherwise perfectly correct paragraph.

Major H. H. Robertson-Aikman, of Dunton Bassett, is the last Cornet in the British Army. That is to say, he is the only surviving officer who has borne that title, which has been abolished for many years.

As a junior subaltern in the Dragoon Guards he carried his troop's standard, and the term "cornet" was applied to the officer who carried the colours in a troop of horse. The corresponding rank in the infantry, that of "ensign," has also passed away.

There was a still older term for the same military office—that of "ancient." Readers of Shakespeare will remember "ancient Pistol," in the circle of immortal ne'er-do-weels round Falstaff. The "ancient" had nothing to do with his age, it was really a corruption of the French "enseigne."

Harking back to the "cornet," the standard, the cavalry guidon, the studios will find a mention of it in Macaulay's stirring account of the cavalry fight at Ivry, where, he says, "The good Lord Rosny has ta'en the cornet white. Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en. The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine." In the Foot Guards I think they preserved the old title of "Ensign" longer than they did in the Line.

Another Warwickshire Loss

FOLLOWING on the deaths of two Warwickshire M.F.H.s, the late Lord ("Eddie") Portman and Walter Buckmaster, comes that of another, who, in his own spheres of sport (racing and cricket), was just as prominent and just as popular. I do not suppose that anyone has ever heard Sir Charles Hyde called anything but "a heck of a good chap," and it was ever most fully deserved. Any one of us might envy such an epitaph. He was exactly that; one of those people who made you feel better for having met them, and it is a tragedy that he leaves no heir. He was unmarried, and his baronetcy dies with him. The Fourth Estate had every reason to be proud of him. He was the owner of that fine provincial daily, the *Birmingham Post*, and also of its brethren, the *Birmingham Mail* and the *Birmingham Weekly Post*, and in no place will his death be more deeply mourned than in the offices of those papers. On the hunting map he was more North Warwickshire than Warwickshire proper; in the cricket world he was the President of the Warwickshire County C.C., and a right good one at that, for he knew all about it; and, on the Turf, where he was very prominent as an owner and breeder, he was ever one of those who raced more for the love of it than for the plunder. It is pleasant, therefore, to be able to record that his colours did not go unrewarded, and that many winners went out from Whitsbury, where Norman Scobie, who learned his trade in that fine school, Australia, trained for him. I am sure that Scobie feels his kind master's loss very keenly, for he was Sir Charles Hyde's trainer all throughout. Probably one of the best they had through their hands was Baytown, who won the Irish Two Thousand and Derby; and likewise the Free Handicap at Newmarket. Later on, Baytown did well at the stud, and was one of many who were retired in their prime.

Yet Another for the Stud

MR. JAMES McGRATH, I see, has decided to retire his Irish three-year-old champion, Silver Slipper (winner of the Irish Guineas, Derby and Leger, and never beaten). He goes to the Brownstown Stud at the Curragh, at 300 guineas, and his lists for 1943 and 1944 are already full, which is hardly surprising, for, apart from his good winning record, they tell me that he is a magnificent type, and I am sure that he will do as well, and maybe even better, than his sire, Windsor Lad, who won our Derby



Officers of a Royal Marines Depot Somewhere in England

Front row: Capt. W. A. Grey, M.B.E., Majors H. S. Rider, H. M. Franks, W. J. Stuart, Surg.-Cmndr. (D.) G. Baker, Col. H. Ozanne, D.S.O., Brigadier A. P. Dawson, C.B.E., A.D.C., Surg.-Capt. R. H. McGriffin, O.B.E., Surg.-Col. E. Bowring, Rev. L. Coulshaw, Major R. C. Bullock, Surg.-Lt.-Col. J. E. Davenport, Capt. M. C. Cartwright-Taylor, Middle row: Ty/Lieuts. R. S. Booth, F. W. Morrish, Lieuts. E. Evans, D.S.M., V. W. Davidson, Ty/Lieut. J. V. Hyde, Surg.-Lieuts. J. A. L. Leeming, (D) G. C. H. Kramer, J. L. Elliott, Ty/Lieut. W. B. Mardall, Capt. E. G. Thornton, M.B.E., Ty/Lieut. J. S. Stewart, Capt. M. G. Pugh, Lieut. C. O. Farrell, M.B.E., Back row: Capt. H. L. Frossard, Lieuts. C. H. Cross, W. Shannon, Rev. E. Lister, Surg.-Lieuts. P. J. Byrne, R. W. Ellis-Smith, (D) E. L. Gabb, W. N. L. Morrey, (D) R. J. Cowling, (D) J. N. Stark, Schoolmaster S. J. Grundy, Surg.-Lieut. (D) W. C. Traynor, Super Clerks G. Brookman, W. J. Jarvis, A. Clarke



D. R. Stuart

Poole, Dublin

Racing Enthusiasts

Major Wilfred Sharp, secretary and manager of the Proudstown Park Racecourse, and Mrs. Sharp were two of those at Leopardstown Races, when Captain H. de Burgh's Prince Blackthorn won the Avonmore Chase

for H.H. the Maharaja of Rajpipla. I thought it most regrettable that Silver Slipper never had a chance of a tilt at our best three-year-olds, but it just could not happen.

War, horrid war, upsets almost all the things that we want most. If retirements of crack three-year-olds go on at this pace, next year's four-year-old "classics" ought not to take much winning.

Unpleasant, but Comforting

IN the *Official History, Medical Services, Diseases of the War*, Vol. II., p. 443 et seq., you will find these facts which the advance in science and in weapons of war have not materially altered: (1) that casualties in the last war from gas attack were as 1.47 per cent. to 8.49 per cent. by shell, bullet and bayonet; and (2) that the efficacy of gas-spray attack at anything above 300 ft. is negligible, and that, to be made at all effective, a height of 150 ft. is desirable; (3) attack by gas-shell charged with the only persistent compound (mustard), which is the most likely to be used by Germany because, principally, nothing better has been discovered, might have a certain measure of success against a totally unprotected target—i.e., a populace with no gas-masks—but would be extravagant for an enemy who much prefers wholesale methods. He could do much more damage with an H.E. shell. Let me quote a distinguished Sapper, Major-General Sir Henry Thuillier, author of *Gas in the Next War*: "To burst a chemical shell so close to an individual as to splash him with the liquid contents would be a very extravagant method of making him a casualty, which could be equally well effected by means of H.E. shell."

The gas-mask, as we have it, is a complete protection to eyes and throat, but naturally no protection at all to the body.

There is no *arrière-pensée* in all this, merely a reminder that we are fighting someone who is capable of anything, especially when he is beginning to realise that he is beaten. The low whine of fear is even more plainly audible than it was when the Prime Minister first drew our attention to it. It is just because the wild beast is at last cornered that we must expect him to hit out in every direction with everything that he has got. He has already told us that he has something particularly poisonous for us up his sleeve. He would have used gas already if he had not been deterred by the knowledge that we have the power to pay him back sixpennyworth for every pennyworth.



D. R. Stuart

Three Generations

Mrs. McKelvie, formerly Alex McOstrich, the tennis international, is here seen with her mother and her son, Iain Anthony Roy, after his christening. Her husband, the international squash rackets player, is serving abroad.



Tonbridge Rugger XV. Beat Harrow by 11 Points to 8

Previous to their match against Harrow, Tonbridge had beaten Dulwich and lost to Haileybury and Christ's Hospital. Sitting: D. A. Evans, J. G. Rowleson, A. P. de Nolinga, Peter G. Raulcliffe (captain), J. A. O'Brien, J. H. Garstin. Standing: E. S. Hempson, P. G. Dauckins, I. E. Aplin, J. P. Sudlow, V. L. Wright, P. C. Heptonstall, J. S. Paton, C. D. Eccles, P. A. N. Mitchell.



Rival Rugger Stars: By "The Tout"

The Army defeated the R.A.F. at Richmond by 18 points to nil, but the result might have been different had not the R.A.F. lost their captain, G. A. Walker, who retired badly hurt ten minutes before the interval. L/A/C J. H. Macdonald is the Maori three-quarter who played well for England against Swansea. Group/Capt. G. A. Walker, one of the outstanding airmen of the war, is the old Blackheath R.U. international. 2nd. Lieut. L. Bruce-Lockhart is a brother of the Scottish internationals, J. H. and R. B.

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Ordeal

ONE OF OUR PILOTS IS SAFE," by Flight Lieut. William Simpson, D.F.C. (Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.), is a personal record, raised by the author's blend of restraint and imagination to a high impersonal level. It is a story told with a courage and modesty so implicit that—if one may dare to say so—one takes them for granted. Above all, there is charity and, with this, a curious penetration into the spirits of other people, as well as into the spirit of a great country whose actual language the author hardly spoke, but whose psychological language he learned, perhaps, more quickly through his own senses being sharpened by pain. For, through the frame of his own physical suffering, Flight Lieut. Simpson watched the suffering of defeated France.

The outline is, briefly, this. Flight Lieut. Simpson took off for France, with the other bomber pilots of No. 12 Squadron of our Advanced Air Striking Force, on September 2nd, 1939—the afternoon before war was declared. From the time of landing, he came across evidences—which, like his fellows, he would have preferred to discount—of haphazardness amounting to inefficiency on the part of the Armée de l'Air. For instance, the handles of two of the three petrol pumps on the landing-ground broke almost at once, and in the neighbouring village of Berry-au-Bac the promised billeting arrangements had not been made. There followed that well-known winter of inactivity—the winter of 1939-40—in which a feeling of anti-climax, of futility even, had to be kept at bay. Then—May 10th—announced by the fire of near-by guns

at a formation of five approaching Dorniers. No. 12 Squadron, ready to take off, awaited orders. They were to bomb advancing enemy columns. As Senior Flight Commander, Flight Lieut. Simpson led the first raid in his old Battle, V for Victor. The attack was made near the German-Luxembourg frontier. On the return flight, he realised that V for Victor had been hit by flak: the engine was on fire. He managed to make Belgium before the necessary landing. While the plane was still in the air the flames had blown clear of the engine, but once on the ground, the petrol vapour ignited and fire enveloped everything. His hands were at once so badly burned that he was unable to undo his straps. For minutes he not only envisaged with great clarity but was already half-way through the sensations of being burned to death. He was, however, reached, released and pulled clear by his crew of two.

On this follows the hospital experience that is the major part of *One of Our Pilots is Safe*. With face, hands and body in a condition that made the gentlest movement unbearable, Flight Lieut. Simpson was conveyed, in an old Citroën, along roads now chaotic and streaming with refugees, to a Flemish

convent-hospital, only to be dislodged from this, with the other patients, by the steady German advance. Then came a series of nightmare journeys in ambulances and trains. The French clearing-station, then a succession of hospitals, were reached—at what a cost in endurance!—only to be, always hurriedly, left. Verdun gave place to Bar-le-Duc; from Bar-le-Duc, after weeks of agony, he was evacuated to Chalon-sur-Saône. Fitness for travel could not be considered: one was rolled remorselessly forward while France fell. Chalon gave place to Roanne—with a brief, grateful halt midway at Paray-le-Monial. Roanne was to prove, for Flight Lieut. Simpson, the scene of the first stages of his recovery: days began to be, at least, bearable. In June 1941, more than a year after he had sustained his injuries, he was fit to make the journey to Marseilles: the idea was that he should be seen by a board of doctors—actually, he found himself, for the first time, in prison, in the one unfriendly hospital that he struck. At last he was sent from Marseilles to Lyons, where he was on parole. Here he made many friends, felt confirmed in his love for France, and enjoyed to the full the sense of returning life. Formalities being at length completed, he was allowed back to England—via Spain and Portugal.

The Mercy of France

ALL this had involved, as you will have gathered, Flight Lieut. Simpson's being left behind in France, after Dunkirk and the French-German armistice. Stranded, disfigured, completely helpless, he was left to the mercy of a distracted people at a terrible time.



Photographer Gordon Anthony

Mr. Gordon Stannus, who is perhaps more widely known as Gordon Anthony, is the son of the late Lt.-Col. T. R. A. Stannus, D.S.O., and a brother of Ninette de Valois, director of the Sadler's Wells Ballet. He has just published two new books of camera studies on the ballet, "The Sleeping Princess" and "The Sadler's Wells Ballet." Mr. Anthony is now in the R.A.F. and hopes shortly to receive his commission as an official photographer

Dazed and humiliated by their defeat, the French, in that summer after Dunkirk, were disposed to regard themselves as deserted by the British—left to their fate. But in no instance (apart from Marseilles, and this place, as the author makes clear, had never felt the realities of the war) did this make them less merciful

to the solitary Britisher left to his fate with them. They were shocked by Oran, and later, embittered by what happened in Syria. But the personnel of the hospitals, as well as outside visitors, combined to defend their patient from hostile criticism. Those who had not, throughout all, lost their faith in Britain went out of their way to make him see how they felt. Those who rallied and regained their faith sought him out. During the time this book covers, one must remember, the French were being subjected to propaganda, from the triumphant Germans, of the most poisonously anti-British kind. We are shown here, from the hundred actions of understanding and kindness that Flight Lieut. Simpson records, how French humanity triumphed over this poison. His injuries and his loneliness (for months he received not a word of news from home) could not, it is true, have failed to commend him to any kindness there was. But more, the French showed a sensitive realisation of the patient's position, at this difficult time—just as he felt, and must have shown, a realisation of theirs.

I feel certain that there was another factor—at which the writer himself does not even hint. The qualities that make this

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

SINCE my recent visit to the exhibition of a replanned London as

By Richard King

proposed by famous architects, I have myself become definitely vista-minded. In imagination I am pulling down in all directions and opening up here and there in the most joyous mood! The south side of Piccadilly, for example, has already disappeared, taking with it every intervening house and street until St. James's Park stands proudly revealed, displaying such a vista as will make Edinburgh's Princes Street cover up its dirty railway lines in a vain effort to resume its title of being one of the finest-placed shopping streets in all Europe. True, I am a little dubious as to how Queen Anne's Mansions, on the other side of the Park, will stand up to its sudden nakedness, but I am sure that something could easily be done about it to make it resemble more closely the Hanging Gardens of Babylon.

Proceeding westward, I have decided that the Artillery Memorial definitely demands a better "vista-ing," while the nude and somewhat pansy-looking young man, who represents another regiment's valour in the Great War, would look better if only to be discovered near water. To the Marble Arch I have given only a very short lease of life; simply because, as an arch, it now leads nowhere; while, if something must remain in the centre of this important traffic-roundabout, every statue of Queen Victoria that I have ever seen would definitely accelerate progress. In fact, my trouble is to decide what shall remain put! Buckingham Palace, perhaps; also the Tower of London; the Houses of Parliament perchance, though

I think they would look better on the top of Highgate Hill. The duck-pond in St. James's Park definitely stays. But I am uncertain about Nelson's Column, unless it could be so arranged that he had no longer to squint down Whitehall but could look it straight in the face. Moreover, the position of Cleopatra's Needle strikes me as being entirely disrespectful to age.

Making St. Paul's the majestic focal-point of their replanned London, I confess that I am startled by this decision of famous architects. Try as I will, I can only conceive radiating vistas from this point as a disillusion to us all. True, a straightened-out Fleet Street and Strand might reveal the nose of one of Nelson's lions and a cock-eyed glimpse of Admiralty Arch; but the risk in a northerly direction is that the view might take in King's Cross Station; the Egyptian (early twentieth century) cigarette factory and possibly Holloway Jail! Eastward, things are easier, and with a little imagination the Stock Exchange might be mistaken for a temple. Yet southward, where the *pièce de résistance* among vistas is expected, I can only shut my eyes and force out of my imagination the picture of a noble river, invariably rather dirty, and beyond the inspiring view of warehouses and chimney-stacks—the latter, if my peacetime memory be correct, illuminated at night by advertisements of somebody's soap and another body's whisky, perpetually going up and down when they aren't going in and out. Nevertheless, this replanning of London is an ideal game to play if you want to go to sleep.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements



Temple — Hare

Captain John Meredith Temple, R.A.S.C., elder son of Mr. Tom Temple, of Heswall, Cheshire, and the late Mrs. Temple, married Nancy Violet Hare, younger daughter of Brig-General and Mrs. R. W. Hare, at St. George's, Hanover Square



Newnham — Lowther-Jones

Claud Tristram Newnham, son of Colonel and Mrs. L. A. Newnham, of Hong Kong, and Evelyn Lowther-Jones, daughter of Major B. Lowther-Jones, of Clare House, Tiverton, and the late Mrs. Lowther-Jones, were married at St. Michael's, Chester Square



Womack — Percy

Lieut. Harold Desmond Hayden Womack, R.N.V.R., second son of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Womack, of Holford, Somerset, and Sheila Tryce Jocelyn Percy, daughter of Major-General Sir Jocelyn and Lady Percy, were married at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington



Clark — Ledebor

Second Lieut. Hugh Brooking Clark, Scots Guards, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh B. Clark, of South Court, Castle Cary, Somerset, married Rita Ledebor, youngest daughter of Mr. W. Ledebor and Mrs. Ledebor, of Kilnhanger, Albury, Surrey, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Miss Irene Salmond

Irene Salmond, youngest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Salmond, of Aubrey Dene, Southsea, has announced her engagement to Lieut. Harold Rapp, Royal Canadian Navy V.R., of 52, Eyre Court, London, and Angmering-on-Sea



Deuchar — Druce

Sub-Lieut. Richard Dugate Deuchar, R.N.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. Farquhar Deuchar, of Biddlestone Hall, Harbottle, Northumberland, married Evelyn Patricia Druce, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Druce, of The Oak House, Thornham, Norfolk, at All Saints', Thornham



Jude — Beard

Second Lieut. Peter Jude, youngest son of Major and Mrs. Herbert Jude, of Pulborough, Sussex, and Elizabeth Beard, elder daughter of Mr. J. Stanley Beard, of Grayshott Hall, Hindhead, and Mrs. A. Beard, of Fulmer Rise, Bucks., were married at Fulmer Parish Church



Garvey — Sutton

F/Lt. R. F. C. Garvey, R.A.F., only son of Mr. J. C. Garvey, of Murrisk Abbey, Eire, and Mrs. Garvey, of La Rocque, Jersey, married Patricia Mary Sutton, younger daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. Sutton, at Sutton Benger, Wiltshire



Pennington-Leigh — Courtney Smith

S/Ldr. J. R. Pennington-Leigh, D.F.C. and Bar, R.A.F., second son of Mr. and Mrs. Pennington-Leigh, of Poole, Dorset, and Jean Courtney Smith, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Courtney Smith, of Coventry, were married at St. John's, Weymouth

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 297)

Roundabout

LATER I met Mrs. "Freddie" Byass, out shopping; she has just taken a flat in London on her return from the East. Mrs. Byass lost her husband, Colonel Byass, when he was killed in action while commanding his regiment (a famous mechanised Hussar regiment) in Libya last year. She was out in Cairo when the war started, and after her husband was killed, Mrs. Byass went to India and Burma, where she worked on the Cypher during the Burma campaign, at one time being within a very few miles of the Japs! Shopping, I also met Colonel and Mrs. Lotinga, who were in a famous toyshop trying to find Christmas presents for their young son.

All lunch-places are terribly crowded these days. Countess Fitzwilliam, down from her huge home, Wentworth Woodhouse, was lunching at the Ritz with the Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell. At a table next were Mrs. Bethell's younger son, the Hon. David Bethell, who is in the Scots Guards. He was giving lunch to Miss Diana Bowes-Lyon, Viscountess Anson's pretty sister. Lady Anne Elliott was with her mother-in-law, Mrs. Gilbert Elliott, whose only girl, Cynthia, is still in a prisoner-of-war camp in Germany, having been caught when she was working with the Red Cross in France in 1940. Before going into lunch I saw the Countess of Durham sitting in the hall with Viscount Castlereagh. The Countess of Kilmorey was there, in her mink coat; and the Hon. Mrs. Rochfort Maguire, who has been well and truly "blitzed" both in regard to her London house and her seaside flat. She was having a word with Lady Lowther, who later joined Ethel Lady Rumbold. Mrs. Thomas Hutchison (another there) is working very hard for the Christmas Fair and Cocktail Party, which is taking place at the May Fair on the 16th and 17th of this month. The Duchess of Gloucester will open the Fair on the first day, and lots of people are going to make up cocktail-parties for the evening session, as there will be some grand drinks, donated specially, as the cause is such a good one—that is, to help the work of the Merchant Navy Comforts Service for the men of the British and Allied Merchant Navies. Mrs. Hutchison is chairman, with Lady Brooke, Admiral Sir Basil Brooke's wife, as vice-chairman. All sorts of beautiful gifts have been sent from Canada and the U.S.A., and admittance is by invitation only; but cards can be obtained from Mrs. Hutchison, Collingwood Hall, Camberley, and from Lady Brooke, 3, Oxford Square, London, W.2.

New Ballet

ROBERT HELPMANN'S third ballet, *The Birds* (see page 294), was rapturously received, the gallery first-nighters standing up and cheering with all the enthusiasm of earlier days. Moyra Fraser is delightful as the poor ridiculous brown hen, the Lady Wishful of the cast, and held her audience enthralled from the moment of her first entrance. From beginning to end, the evening belonged to her, and wonderful bouquets of flowers were showered upon her. After the performance, her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Fraser, held a supper-party at the Ivy. Robert Helpmann was there, and congratulated Moyra on her fine performance with a kiss; Cyril Ritchard and Madge Elliott, supping together, added theirs. Douglas Byng waved from a nearby table, and Mary Hinton, who is a strenuous A.R.P. worker at Chelsea when not giving her remarkably successful performance in *Claudia*, sat with one of her fine-looking soldier sons near by.



Wife of the A.O.C. Western Desert

It was only recently that Lady Coningham heard of the further tribute, in the award of the K.C.B., paid to her husband, Air Vice-Marshal Arthur Coningham, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C., A.F.C., in recognition of his distinguished services in the Middle East campaign. Lady Coningham is the widow of Sir H. G. Frank, Bt. She has two sons by her first marriage and a daughter by her second

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 310)



Mr. Rudolph Dunbar

Rudolph Dunbar, a native of British Guiana, and the first Negro to conduct the famous London Philharmonic Orchestra, is to conduct the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra on Sunday, December 20th. Coleridge-Taylor's "Christmas Overture" will be included in the programme.

those six little girls who filed into the ward in absolute silence, laid six little bouquets down on his bed, filed out.

Elegant Education

"LIFE AT SAINT MARY'S" (Oxford University Press; 15s. 6d.) is the innocent chronicle of an innocent century—a hundred years of the life of a North Carolina school. It was in 1841 that the Rev. Aldert Smedes, of New York (a blond, earnest, bearded Adonis, of very high principles), moved South, to open Saint Mary's School for Young Ladies at Raleigh, North Carolina. Since then, the institution has not looked back. Therefore, last year, six of the graduates collaborated to bring out, as a centenary tribute, this most engaging book.

The primary object of the Rev. Aldert Smedes was the provision of Christian education. The Bishop of North Carolina warmly approved the plan. The buildings—of which a delicious lithograph ornaments the wrapper—were taken on from a boys' school that, started with the same object, had, unhappily, failed. They consist—or consisted in 1841—of three light-coloured blocks (connected by trellised passages), of which the centre, and most important, overtops the other two by a storey, and is ornamented by a high, slender portico. The school tops a hill, and is girt about with acres of oak grove—in which, in the early days, hogs and even horses wandered at will. In the oak grove, too, came to nestle the Gothic chapel, to be the scene of so many romantic weddings—one Virginian young lady passed straight from schoolroom to altar—and the infirmary, which was at the outset ruled by a nurse with the ominous name of Miss Jennie Coffin. The large basement dining-room (in the centre block) was not, for several decades, provided with anti-fly screens, so a team of small darkie boys, waving fans, were there to shield the young ladies when they sat down to dinner. The best of the Southern families—of both Carolinas, and Virginia—appear to have patronised Saint Mary's. The South being the South, many arts and graces (there was high regard for deportment) came creeping in, to modify the Rev. Mr. Smedes' first rather rigid formula. The uniform—blue dresses, severe straw bonnets—was discarded after the first twenty years, and the young ladies became, with each generation, ever more striking mirrors of current fashion. Beaux were strictly censored—it was not, in fact, until 1932 that young men were admitted to the school dances, though previous to that one did permit "serenades."

"Saint Mary's Muse" (the school magazine) has been drawn on by the compilers of this book for their pictures of early days. In the 'nineties, we find, athletics came to the fore: basketball succeeded walks round the oak grove. The Walking, the Cycling, the Kodak clubs all boasted colours and a "yell." This was the Kodak Club's yell:

I used to say
Potrack, Potrack,
But now I say
Ko-dak, Ko-dak.

Deeply satisfying. You will also enjoy the pictures of school life during the Civil War, during which the young ladies' fees were paid in kind—in cotton, lard or bacon. On America's entry into the Great War, the young ladies sent a letter to the President. . . . *Life at Saint Mary's* is full of delicious incidents. It gives, too, a truly domestic picture of the South, throughout its changing times.

Haig



Obtainable also
in small sizes

*No finer Whisky
goes into any bottle...*

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE



Like everything else, the hair needs care and attention, and so does its companion, the scalp. Elizabeth Arden, 25, Old Bond Street, has evolved a perfect system of massage and brushing. These treatments are given in her salons, a special brush being used for the hair, an illustration of which appears at the top of the page on the left. It is very simple to use. Further details will gladly be sent on application; the good work begun there may be continued at home. Regarding the massage, a few movements are all sufficient; a great improvement is noticeable in a very short space of time. There is nothing that increases the charm of a hat, no matter whether for country or town wear, than well-cared-for hair



The rationing of hats is a subject that is everywhere being discussed, therefore all must visit the salons of Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. To this firm must be given the credit of those portrayed on this page. The one in the centre is of felt, the crown drapery being of lace finished with a neat bow. A distinctive felt affair is the one next it, which is trimmed in a decidedly original manner, the crown being encircled with plaited leather, thongs of the same protecting the hair at the back. The brim slightly "dips" in front, hence becoming shadows are cast across the face



Also from Marshall and Snelgrove are the hats on the left. The one on the extreme left is a pleasing study in ribbon and spotted net. It is wonderful the variations that may be wrought in the arrangement of the drapery, as it is studded with green and red spots to harmonise with the shaded ribbon. The hat next to it is in a lovely pastel shade of almond green felt, the flowers being in autumnal tints. A feature is likewise made of country hats in many materials, to which a tuft of breast plumage or quills may be added if desired. They are so simple that they can be easily packed, and they set well down on the head. It must not be forgotten that the weight is insignificant





To all my friends this Christmas

Wherever you are and whatever the work you're doing—at home or abroad, with your family or far off among new surroundings, new duties and new anxieties—I send you my admiration and warm good wishes. May 1943 bring the dawn of all you hope for—peace once again and the beginning of a free and happier world!

Elinor Arden

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THE wealthy man had cracked a rib, and a slight operation was necessary. He didn't trust the surgeon in his small home town, so he engaged a famous London specialist.

Local doctors were excited at the prospect of a visit from a big noise, and their request for permission to watch the operation was granted.

The operation was successful. When the patient came out of the anæsthetic he found himself smothered in bandages. He summoned the nurse.

"What's all this?" he demanded.

"Well, sir, it was such a beautiful operation and the applause was so tremendous that Sir Hugo took out your appendix as an encore."

ON his dark and lonely way he heard footsteps behind him. Nervously he quickened his pace—so did they; he ran—the footsteps kept up with him; he vaulted a wall into the churchyard to baffle pursuit by a short cut—still those footsteps!

At last he turned and faced his pursuer.

"Wh-what do you want?" he cried.

"They told me at the station to follow you. I'm visiting your neighbour," said a voice in the blackout. "How much more of this steeplechasing is there?"



American Stars Broadcast From London

The low, husky voice of film-star Kay Francis made an instant appeal to millions of listeners when she made her first broadcast in this country recently. She was introduced to her audience by Jack Buchanan, who is seen with her here. L. to R., Martha Raye, Kay Francis, Jack Buchanan, Carole Landis and Mitzi Maynor.

HE had been teaching his small son how to do arithmetic. Six times he had held out a threepenny piece and a penny and asked his son which he would have. Each time the little boy had taken the penny.

"Surely, Bobby," said the parent at last, "you know a threepenny piece is worth more to you than a penny."

"Not the way you're teaching me," replied the youngster. "I've made threepence on the deal already."

THE mistress went into the kitchen to see cook.

"I understand, cook," she said, sternly, "that late last night you had a policeman in here, and that he finished up the cold meat."

Cook bridled. "Well, ma'am," she said, "you can't expect me to start cooking hot meals for any policeman at that time of night!"

A MINISTER was very fond of cherry brandy, and one of his elders thought he would play a joke on him.

"I'll give you a bottle of cherry brandy," he said, "if you will promise to acknowledge it in the church magazine."

The minister undertook to do this, and in due course a paragraph appeared in the magazine, thanking the donor for his gift of fruit and the spirit in which it was given.

TWO frogs sat on a water-lily leaf. "My goodness, you're hoarse tonight," one said to the other.

"Don't I know it," the second frog replied plaintively, "I've got a man in my throat."

ONE HUNDRED TONS OF PAPER ARE USED IN THE PLANNING AND BUILDING OF A BATTLESHIP. REMEMBER THIS AND DO NOT WASTE.

The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



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Size 18" 50/- 2 coupons

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" 26"	57/11	5	"

A pretty afternoon frock in good quality printed crêpe. Fully shaped skirt. Sizes 28 to 36 in. (5 coupons).

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" 30"	61/5
" 32"	63/9
" 34"	70/3
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Rebuke

At times, after making all preparations for a swift strategical withdrawal, we take it upon ourselves in our critical capacity, to administer a sharp, ill-tempered rebuke to aeronautical engineers and the world in general. In this, after all, we are merely following the example set to us by magistrates and ministers and others in high positions.

Professor Inglis has trumpeted the praise of the engineer far and wide by means of wireless diffusion. It has been said since that his projected suspension bridge across the English Channel would entail towers on either side about one and a quarter miles high—but no matter. He certainly gave the engineer a well-merited boost.

Then, again, the North African operations—at the time of writing—no less than the equally notable operations in the Pacific, have emphasised the importance of the merits of the aeronautical engineer. He, it is argued, overcomes all difficulties and fulfils all demands. Yet we would remind these aeronautical engineers and their official and unofficial apologists that they are not the only pebbles on the beach of mechanical achievement. The zip fastener, for instance, may claim to have done more to bring the blessings of machinery (and broken finger nails) to the multitude than the aeroplane. Yet it took—we are told by an eminent scientific worker—sixteen years or thereabouts before the bold, progressive, go-ahead, daring, keen, energetic and far-seeing business man—whipped on by the pernicious profit motive and (for all we know) Miss Flora Frivolity of the Felicity Theatre—consented to put the zip fastener into commercial production.

All of which makes one wonder whether the aeronautical engineer is so brilliant a man as some would make him out to be. But we have to temper our criticism with judgment and to recognise that he has made some things that fly.

Change For the Sake of It

TRAVELLING on our suburban way to and from London we noticed, some time ago, a delightful vegetable garden created by the personnel of a balloon

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

site beside the railway line. It was prolific in vegetables of all imaginable types. It vied with the artists who do the designs on the seed catalogues in its glory. Then, suddenly, it disappeared. In its place a patch of mud appeared. Beside it there arose a Nissen hut, surely the horriddest-looking thing ever invented.

We bow, of course, to superior knowledge. We do not know why the vegetable garden was suppressed. There may have been reasons of state (which Anatole France has cynically referred to as reasons of departments). There may have been other reasons. We only notice that where there was fruitfulness, there is now sterility. Where there was something pleasant to look at there is now almost the most loathsome sight in creation. Balloon sites are not so inherently beautiful that they can with impunity be messed about. Yet it seems that gardens are prohibited and horrid huts encouraged.

We would say nothing about this if it were not a symptom of a more widespread disease; the disease of all-change. The Air Ministry must for ever be looking for something to alter. Most of the examples of this kind of changing for the sake of changing are to be found in nomenclature. There is the famous argument about "airscrew" and "propeller," and about "aerobatics" and "acrobatism," and there are other similar instances of change for which the reasons are slender and often ill founded. We note the addition of this vegetable garden and the change from that to a Nissen hut.

Recognition

IT was good to see the work of those who have been responsible for the successes in the Western Desert

recognised. Air Chief Marshal Tedder and Air Vice-Marshal Coningham richly deserve the honours that have been conferred upon them. It is also worth noting that their names should be permanently recorded in the history of air war, for they were the men who, more perhaps than any others, developed the methods of air-land co-operation.

The Germans used to claim with much boastfulness, that they were the pioneers and perfectionists of land-air co-operation. They would instance their campaigns in France and Holland and elsewhere to prove how advanced they were in this matter. But now, in the Western Desert, we have certainly gone far ahead of them.

They have never done so well in this as we have done there. And if I am right in thinking—as I always have thought—that this co-operation is the key to success in the larger fighting of the future, then nothing can be too high as a recognition of the feats of these two officers and of all who planned and worked with them.

Parachutists

THOSE who believe in the future of commercial aviation are always asking what we are doing about it.

The fact is that we are doing very little. I believe that, in concentrating on military aviation, we are right. At the same time I see the point of those who ask that some preparations should be made for the coming of peace and commercial flying. My own view is that the two things can to some extent be combined without any damage to the war effort.

After all, parachutists and airborne troops want aircraft which are not very far removed from ordinary civil air transport types. Why not develop such machines for these troops at the present time. They might then be available in slightly modified forms for civil communications after the war. Apart from this, I would certainly not advocate the diversion of the smallest part of our effort from war flying to future civil flying.

When the time comes to relax...

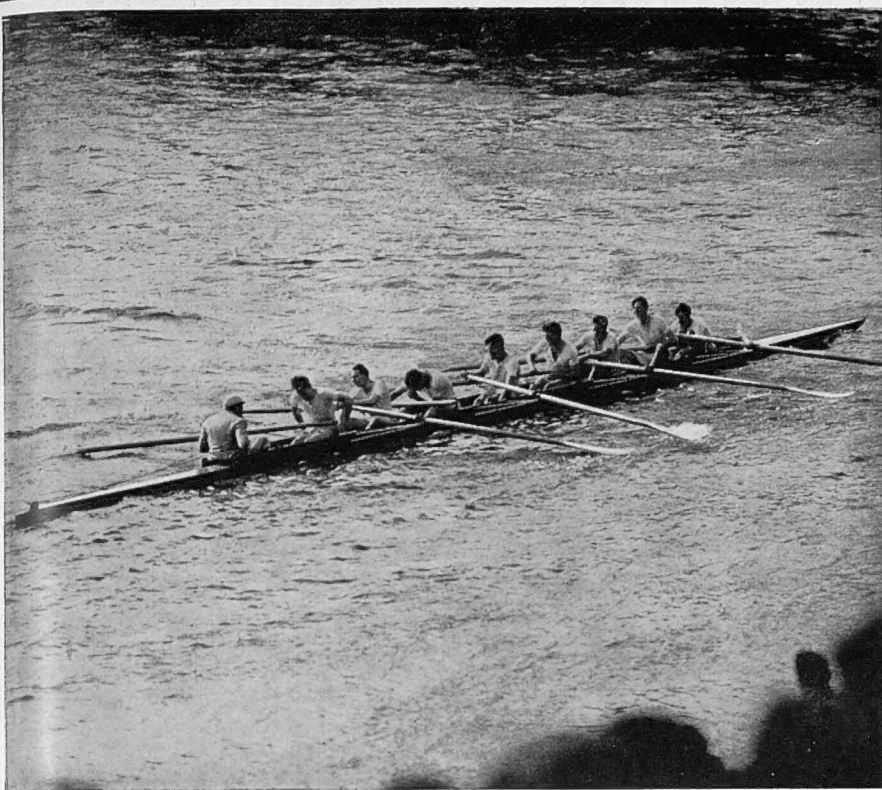
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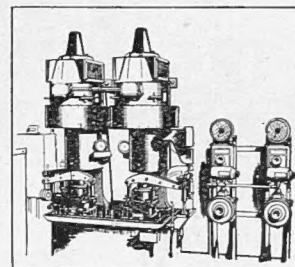
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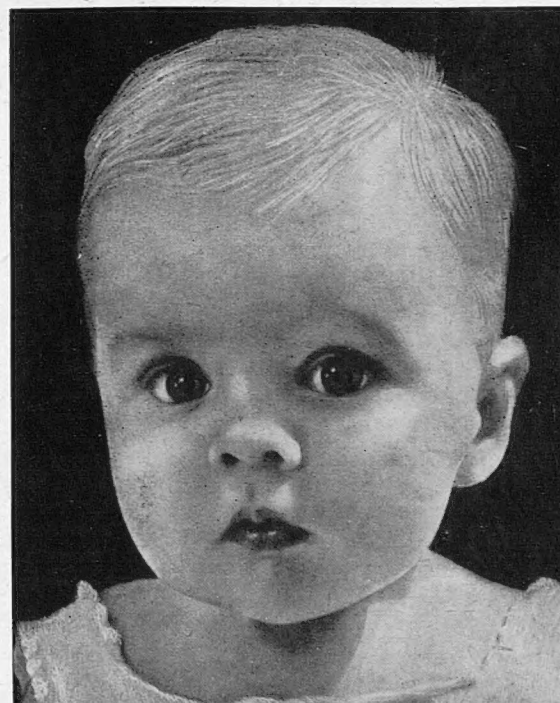
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"and
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Xmas
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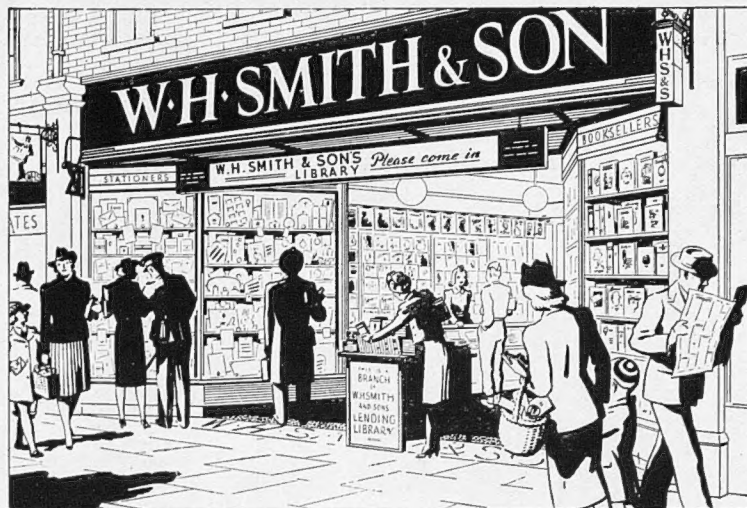
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